SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Writing for our Father.

I once read a beautiful little poem with the title, "A story for the Father." It spoke of sitting alone in the twilight, of a story almost completed and being weary from long writing, pausing in the work to look away back over the chapters written years ago. First there were happy, careless chapters, written in the joyous days of childhood, every page is wreathed in flowers, and from the folds drop a bunch of daisies, withered and faded, but still telling of some walk in the first bright days of springtime; how lovely everything seems to the joyous young life, joy and mirth peep form every flower, and are reflected from every drop of dew. But see! how difierent is the chapter that follows; it is black bordered and as the page is turned, out drops a piece of crape, telling its own story of bereavement and grief; how dark a shadow this first sorrow casts over the young life; everything seems so dark and gloomy that the sorrow strick en heart sees nothing beautiful in the present, nor joyous in the future.

Then follows a chapter on rose tinted leaves and lingering in its folds there is still the fragrance of the roses; this was written in the "June of life," while the rose colored grasses of love lends its beautiful tint to the whole world, and the same human blindness that, in the time of trouble could see no hope of joy in the future, has now no dark forebodings of sorrow to come. Here the leaves are pinned together, another grief has come, more lasting than the first, for, while it is hidden from the world, the pain is still there almost as bitter as the first pang. The chapters that follow are blotted and tear-stained, the crooked lines telling of a trembling hand. Ah! those chapters so full of error, and all blotted with tears, are not at all like the ones that were planned. The sight of those pages so full of mistakes have filled the heart with sorrow, for it realizes that they are written for the eyes of the Father, and can not be re-written, but must go up to the throne just as it is, all blotted and full of mistakes. Finally the eyes are lifted from the pages, and looking out into the twilight, catches a gleam of the beautiful evening star; just then comfort comes, and it seem to the sorrowing heart, to come down from the star in the form of an angel, saying:

Grieve not for those beautiful feelings,
For thy fancies sweet and rare.
But know that thy Father can read them,
In unseen writing there.

As I read over those beautiful words, realized that each one of us is writing something for the Father. We are either writing chapters with straight lines filled with beautiful words and kind deeds, or we are writing them all filled with sin blots and tear-stains, and errors of a wrongly spent life. And while we cannot re-write the past chapters, we still have control over the ones we are now writing, and will write in the days to come. Which shall it be? Beautiful or sin-blotted. While none of our writings are without some blot or error, we have a blessed comfort in knowing that the Father can read between the lines.

F. V. Lewis.

MARRIED.

Beard—Fike—At the residence of the bride's parents, brother and sister Daniel Fike, on Thursday evening Jan. 24, 1889, Mr. Lewis C. Beard and sister Ida E. Fike were united in wedlock. Ida has been our organist from the beginning, and has rendered very valuable service to both pastor and church We trust this may prove to be a happy union, and means to further usefulness in the cause of her Master. It was a quiet and pleasant little wedding. All of near Milledgeville, Ill. The ceremony was performed by

Z. T. Livengood.

OUR DEAD.

YOUNKIN—Milton R., son of brother E. P. and sister Younkin, died Oct. 9, 1888, aged 12 years, 2 months and 11 days.

YOUNKIN—Alford Earl, son of brother and sister Younkin, died Nov. 5, 1888, aged 2 years, 10 months, 1 day.

MILLER—Olive Grace, daughter of sister A. A. Miller, died Nov. 10, 1888, aged 2 years, 2 months, 10 days.

HOSTETLER—Sallie, daughter of brother and sister Hostetler, died Nov. 24, 1888, aged 3 years, 5 months, 22 days.

SHOEMAKER—Solomon, son of brother Geo. and sister Shoemaker, died Dec. 14, 1888, aged 2 months, 5 days.

MILLER—L. F. Miller, husband of sister Miller, died Jan. 5, 1889, aged 32 years, 8 months 18 days. Bro. Miller was a faithful member of the Brethren church for a number of years. On the last Sabbath evening of the old year 1888 I found him, as usual at his place in the sanctuary early. Before service began I spoke to him, asking how the family was. "They are well," he said, "but I am not feeling very good." On his way home he took sick, and before our next service, a week after, he had departed this life. We greatly miss brother Miller; his place in the sanctuary was vacant only when circumstances would positively deny him the privilege of being there. He was always willing to discharge his Christian duties so far as it lay in his power so to do. Very few (and I never heard any) unkind words was said of brother Miller. His neighbors knew him only to love him. As a husband he was kind hearted and loving, as a father, affectionate, and as a Christian, devoted. The home, the church, the community realize the loss, but we have reason to believe our loss is his eternal gain. His is "a peaceful slumber." Sister Miller and her little fatherless ones have the sympathy of the entire community. May the Lord bless them.

TRIMPEY—Nancy, wife of brother J. S. Trimpey near Kingwood, Pa., died Jan. 13. 1889, aged 41 years. 8 months, 20 days. Sister Trimpey passed away in the triumphs of a living faith, at peace with God and apparently at peace with men. On the 30th of September 1888, she became a member of the Brethren church by relation being then confined to her bed. Early in life she consecrated herself to the Lord, and remained faithful to the end. She suffered much and long but all in submission to that divine hand which brings affliction. When the end was drawing nigh and her family gathered about her bed weeping, she said, "weep not for me. I am happy," and amidst the most painful suffering, she bore a smile on her face. Not one word of complaint fell from her lips, during all her sickness. God was her comfort and support, when heart and flesh failed. We are glad to chronicle such deaths; glad not because she was taken away from her family, but because death was no terror to her, but another examplification of the victory of a living faith. She was a faithful wife and a very devoted mother, and while in her death, this world loses a good mother and faithful Christian, heaven gains one more. May the Lord remember and bless the motherless children. The funeral services of the seven preceding were conducted by Eld. A. D. Gnagey, of Meyersdale, Pa.

BEER—Sister Sadie Beer, the subject of this notice was the daughter of Jacob and Catharine Beer, born Sept. 2, 1845; died Jan. 16, 1889, aged 43 years. 4 months and 14 days. She was a model Christian and the people who attended her funeral were an evidence of the esteem in which she was held. A lady, several days after we laid her to rest, said, "I often thought if we have a Christian in all my acquaintance, Sadie is one." She was a member of the Cowenshannoc congregation of the Brethren church. She fell peacefuly to sleep as the sun would set on a summer evening.

She heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest
Lay down thy weary one lay down
Thy head upon my breast.

Funeral service by the writer from 2 Tim. 4: 7.

BEER—Her mother preceeded her to the glory land just 5 months and 1 day, aged 82 years, 4 months and 18 days. Mother Beer was also a member of the Brethren church. She brought up four daughters and four sons, three of whom are ministers in the church of her choice. One has gone to hear—

'Servant of God, well done
Rest from thy loved employ
The battle fought, the victory won
Enter thy Master's joy.'

Two, Jacob and J. W. Beer, as our readers know, are still in the ministry of the Brethren church. The fourth son is engaged in the merchantile business and is also an enterprising farmer on the old homestead. From some cause or another his uniting with the church has been hindered, but our prayer to God is that he may yet come and enjoy fellowship with Jesus who is waiting to be his shepherd, as all, father, mother, sisters and brothers prayed earnestly and faithfully for him. In the language of the poet, they say:

Why do you wait dear brother,
Oh why do you tarry so long
Your Savior is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

May this bereavement be sanctified to the good of all and the God of peace sanctify our natures to his service and at last bring us all to enjoy the pleasures forevermore at his right hand.

D. J. Hetric.

WATSON—At her residence near Liberty, O., Mrs. Cybela Watson, wife of Ephraim Watson and mother of brother John Watson, aged 68 years, and 5 months. Sister Watson embraced the Christian faith many years ago, and was a member of the Methodist church until she was called hence, The Lord bless the bereaved husband and children and enable them by grace divine to be ready for the bridegroom when he cometh. Funeral services in the Brethren church on the Eaton pike from Heb. 9: 27, by the writer, assisted by Bro. Daniel Garver, a promising yonng minister in the German Baptist fraternity

Samuel Kiehl.

The Inspiration of Cheer.

Half the battle of life consists in keeping up a cheerful spirit. When depression comes and the clouds, when the spirit is loaded with deadening pain, all work becomes a drudgery, and life is a burden and a difficulty. Whatever is done is carried on under compulsion, with a wish that it could be avoided, and a reeling of pleasure—if so mournful a kind of congratulation can be called a pleasure—that it is at last completed. And even if—because there is will-power enough to drive it along, and favorable circumstances to make it successful—it will afford but little satisfaction, for the spirit will be loaded with forebodings, and the mind be full of the prophecies of coming evil. If any good work be well done, it must be amid buoyancy and hope. With this experience, no matter how hard the task may be, or how unpromising, there will be energy given to it, and that facility of skill and tact that, unless the hinderances are invincible, will carry it through to a good end. Our religious work very often lags and fails, not because we are not in earnest in it—perhaps we expend unnecessary labor on it—but because it is done under a cloud. Hope is wanting. There is no enthusiasm—no spring and eager onlooking and vision of inevitable accomplishment. But if the heart is bright, it will be able to go cheerfully through an experience, and also bear its disappointments, rejoice in its tribulations, and not only believe, but know, that God makes all things work together for good to those who love him. It is not possible—not for all of us—all the time. Moods are many, and we are liable to fall into dull ones betimes: but it ought to be a part of our Christian effort to drive away the clouds, if possible, and turn to the beautiful and inspiring light.—United Presbyterian.

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